

# The Musical World

## AND Dramatic Observer.

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## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1890.

### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

We are glad to know that the suggestions put forward in these columns last week for extending the usefulness of the Royal College of Music have occupied the thoughts of many of those who are interested in the musical education of England. The mental condition of the dwellers in provincial towns cannot be realised by those who have never shared in it. Londoners are apt to imagine that the provincial amateur is a highly cultured person, whose opportunities for hearing good music may indeed be fewer, but whose critical faculty is as keen and whose enjoyment is as intense as his own. This is altogether wrong. In a very few of the larger towns, such as Manchester or Birmingham, a happier condition of things may obtain; but for the most part the provincial amateur sits in darkness, unlighted save by the feeble glimmer of an occasional ballad-concert, whose beauties are expounded by the local critic in hyperbolic enthusiasm. Twice a year or so a touring company of stars, varying in their degrees of magnitude, visits the town and presents the latest examples of feeble ballads, and the pianist and violinist play a claptrap duet in their most meretricious style. Perhaps there is a Choral Society, whose members may, with an infinite deal of coaxing on the part of conductor and secretary, be induced to attend a few rehearsals, and ultimately to perform a small cantata or a hackneyed oratorio. This is all. The "Messiah," the "Lieder Ohne Worte," and "The Maid of the Mill" represent to the amateur the highest achievements in the respective spheres of choral, instrumental, and vocal music; while the great modern names are quite unknown, and the stream of tendency flows by unheeded, leaving him stranded on the arid shores of ancient mediocrity.

The amateur is not to be blamed for this. He is generally eager for novelty, and devours hungrily the musical rubbish shot upon him by the London publishers. Why should we be surprised that, under these conditions, he lacks, not appreciation, but discrimination? "We needs must love the highest when we see it," sings a great poet. The point is that the vision of the highest is never granted to the provincial amateur. No high standard of criticism is ever set up for him, nor does the kind of art with which he is most familiar demand any such standard. Given proper opportunities for self-cultivation, he would certainly take advantage of them. The good must be brought more easily within his reach, and he must be taught to see why it is good, and wherein

it is better than the rubbish to which he is accustomed. Here, then, is the opening for new and extended activity on the part of the Royal College and all similar institutions. Those of its students who undertake to carry the message of art to the Gentiles of music are too often set face to face with a terrible temptation. To win the confidence of the provincial public it is unhappily necessary at first to compromise with ignorance and distrust by adopting a standard which they know to be not the highest. We say emphatically that it rests with all such colleges to see that its young missionaries are not left unaided in a fight which cannot but be fierce, to battle alone with so great a temptation. The responsibility of those who are concerned in the education of students does not, cannot cease when these students finish their academic course, but continues until they have attained a position of permanent influence.

\* \*

We plead, then, with the authorities to consider this question most carefully. Even if additional funds be not forthcoming, would it not be better to apply those already available in the methods indicated? It is not an exaggeration to say that much of the admirable education bestowed is wasted, for many students left to fight the battle alone, are compelled to do much less than their best. To put the matter definitely: if the scholarships now given in all the academies of London were diminished by one-half, but made tenable for twice as long a time, we should have a band of earnest and enthusiastic young musicians going out every year into the provinces financially equipped for a vigorous struggle. No longer compelled to occupy every moment in the weary routine of teaching, they would be able to devote a certain time not only to practice and self-improvement, but to gathering around them a few of their neighbours for the performance of good music. It has long been recognised as a national disgrace that we have in England no municipal bands such as exist in every Continental town of importance. Here is the beginning from which better things may grow. In the future there need be no waste of talent, no evanescence of influence. Is it not worth consideration?

\* \*

Commenting on the Handel Festival, held in Westminster Abbey last week, "The Times" has delivered itself of one or two remarks which should be earnestly considered by all concert-givers—and musicians. The quiet satire with which the Abbey performances are contrasted with the huge but somewhat inartistic festivals at the Crystal Palace are well worthy of note, although we doubt whether the opinions suggested are likely to meet with general acceptance. The love of colossal choruses, interspersed with inaudible solos, is so strong that the British public will never, we fear, be persuaded that a performance of the kind given by the Royal Society of Musicians is far preferable. Nevertheless, we are heartily glad that "The Times" has spoken so plainly. More easy of comprehension will be our contemporary's remarks on the absence of applause and encores which so greatly enhances the effect of Handel's—or of any one's—music. There are, of course, two sides to this question. In the present condition of musical affairs it may often happen that the majority of an audience is really more cultivated and discriminating than the artists to whom it listens, and where this is so, public approval or disapproval helps to keep the artist up to a certain level. But when, as should always be the case, the artist is on a plane above that occupied by the public, he ought to be indifferent to their applause or its absence. Does any one really care what the musical mob thinks? Their opinion is absolutely valueless, and their duty is to listen in silence. If the artist realised his supe-

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riority he would quickly conquer his insane desire for encores, and would regard his listeners as a clergyman regards his congregation—as souls to be raised to his level. We are perhaps arguing for an ideal state of things which to many will seem impossible of attainment. At any rate, that state exists in Bayreuth, and in churches everywhere—a significant fact, which indicates that it is to religion in the theatre and art in the church that those must look who wish to see reverence brought once more into living contact with art. And this, *pace* Mr. Oscar Wilde and certain thinkers, is a thing devoutly to be wished for.

\* \*

The problems of æsthetics—whose subject-matter, after all, can be compressed within very small space, although the discussions on them are endless—are by far the most interesting features of the current magazines. For instance, the "Nineteenth Century" has two articles in which are conspicuously concealed the possibilities of deadly controversy. There is Mlle. Blaze de Bury, who writes upon "The French Opera," and there is Mr. Oscar Wilde, who discusses—in that most unsatisfactory form, the dialogue—"The Functions of Criticism." *Place aux dames*; let us quote a couple of pregnant passages from the lady's article, returning to Mr. Wilde on some future occasion:—

"Since the opening of the nineteenth century Shelley, Byron, Goethe, Madame de Staël have worked for, led up to Beethoven. Henceforth that Pascal of the orchestra will lead René's grandchildren wherever their nervous excitability may carry them. For those who desire only to love and enjoy, Mozart and Rossini suffice. Those who think and suffer will find interpreters in Beethoven and Wagner. . . . Gluck will live, but later; when the calm and learned Virgil can touch a sympathetic note in modern minds, when *névrose* and hypnotism have done their worst. For the moment Beethoven—that Michael Angelo of music, that sublimely agitated spirit, responds more perfectly than all others to the sufferings of modern spiritual existence."

\* \*

Whatever may be the immediately resultant value of such discussions as are here suggested, there can be no doubt of their interest. It is always valuable to regard any artistic problem from the ground occupied by a sensitive and observant thinker; and no one will question Mlle. Blaze de Bury's right to be so considered. We do not, therefore, so much propose to combat or to support her conclusions as to indicate their tendency. The genealogy of Beethoven, shadowed forth at the beginning of the passage quoted, is certainly striking; but is its author prepared to discover in Beethoven's character that "morbidity" quality which Mr. Ruskin discovers in Byron and Shelley—and himself? It was never quite clear to Ruskinian students what was the precise meaning of the phrase, but it was probably Mr. Ruskin's way of designating that strong element of sadness which pervaded all the artists thus grouped, and was even more prominent in him who followed in the same artistic order—Turner. Nor is the grouping of Mozart and Rossini, of Beethoven and Wagner more debatable. We are inclined to differ from the writer, however, when she suggests that those qualities of sadness and suffering which make such direct appeal to the modern mind in Beethoven and Wagner are for this age only. The spiritual life of to-day is indeed more troubled than was that of any former age; and it is inevitable that the accidental features of that life should be reflected in modern art. But it is worthy of thought that in all ages the greatest art has always been of the tragic order. A definition of that word is sadly wanted, by the way; but it is sufficient here to explain that we use it to imply, not merely melodramatic sorrow, but that fierce intensity of emotion which makes of the heart a glowing furnace, from which all passion, whatever its ultimate issue be, comes forth as purified

gold. One need but name those works of art which are on all sides accepted as supreme to recognise the truth of this. Their comparison would probably show that the relative value of each is indicated by the varying degrees in which the tragic element enters into its composition. The point is scarcely to be considered within the limits of one, or of many articles; and we leave it with this remark. If it is true that the greatest art has always been tragic, it follows that, so long as art is the outcome of life in its present conditions, it will continue to be so; and it is not conceivable that Virgil, calm and learned though he were, can ever speak to humanity with the same authority as the greater kings of tragedy, who are of the same divine family, and wear for royal crest the crown of thorns.

\* \*

The critics have spent most of the last six months—or such part of it as was not occupied in attending concerts—in grumbling at the irruption of pianists which will make this year of grace for ever memorable. But they were able, until a week ago, to congratulate themselves on one thing. They had not been asked to listen to the performances of any wonder-child. Alas! even that small occasion for gratitude has now been removed. Last Saturday a misguided enthusiast brought forward a child of ten, named Max Ham-bourg, concerning whose early career details were kindly provided. But no one cares much about those ten years of the past; it is his future which is important. This future is likely to be discounted heavily by the cruel injudiciousness involved in his performances at present. The child, it was obvious, has immense talent; Mr. Paderewski, indeed, has promised to undertake his education, and asserts that little Max may become one of the greatest pianists in Europe. What possible good, then, can result from this premature exhibition? As a wonder-show the recital was exceptionally interesting. As a display of genuine art it was absolutely valueless. What can be more foolish, to put it on the lowest ground, than, for the sake of a short immediate success, this destruction of the chances of a brilliant future? Let the fate of Josef Hofmann be regarded as a warning.

\* \*

The "Musical Courier" of New York suggests that the following resolution should be proposed at the meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association. We quote it because the opinions it implies as to the value of musical degrees may find a responsive echo on this side of the Atlantic:—

*Whereas*, It has become the custom with the faculties of many schools and colleges in this blessed land to confer a degree called "Doctor of Music" upon music teachers and musicians; and

*Whereas*, These schools and colleges having no musical curriculum and therefore no means of ascertaining the qualifications of those upon whom they confer this degree; and

*Whereas*, The degree has been and from all appearances will continue to be conferred upon the music teacher connected with the school or college; and

*Whereas*, Nobody under Heaven really knows what a Doctor of Music is; be it

*Resolved*, That the Music Teachers' National Association, at its fourteenth annual meeting, held in the beautiful city of Detroit, A.D. 1890, hereby concludes that it is the duty of every music teacher or musician to refuse in the future to accept this anomalous degree; and be it

*Resolved*, That the music teacher or musician who shall accept the said degree will unquestionably make a fool of himself.

\* \*

We—or a part of us—made pilgrimage on Saturday evening last to the wilds of Whitechapel to attend the weekly concert given in the People's Palace under Mr. Orton Bradley's direction. We were drawn thither by the reports which had reached the dwellers in

western land of the admirable work which Mr. Bradley has accomplished in trying to regenerate the masses of the East by the gentle influence of music. With pleasure we record that, as far as a single visit can offer satisfactory proof, these reports have been in no way exaggerated. We have seldom witnessed a more interesting performance than this, to which the enormous audience listened not only with attention and enthusiasm but—which was far more remarkable—with discrimination. Thus the singular refinement with which Miss Marguerite Serruys sang two songs in French, which, it might have been expected, would scarcely appeal to such an audience, was appreciated to the full; and a more remarkable instance was offered in the reception accorded to M. Johannes Wolff. The violinist's serious solos were followed by tumultuous applause. In response he gave a clever piece of *blague*, imitating the twitterings of birds, and in other ways exhibiting his virtuosity at the expense of his art; but the audience let it pass unnoticed, reserving their enthusiasm for his legitimate playing. Then the songs of Miss Annie Layton, of Mr. Maldwyn Humphries, and of Mr. Plunket Greene, all excellently given, were accorded just the proper degree of applause, the two gentlemen receiving for each of their songs—which varied in interest—an accurately-proportioned share of gratitude. Nothing could be more satisfactory to those who see in art a valuable factor in the work of civilization, and Mr. Orton Bradley is entitled to the highest respect and thanks for the work which he carries on with such courage and ability.

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All friends of Sir Charles and Lady Hallé must be glad to know that the distinguished artists are having a veritably triumphant tour in Australia. Their first appearance was made in the Melbourne Town Hall on May 22, before a very brilliant audience, and it is evident from the report of the Melbourne "Australasian" that the generous enthusiasm with which the Colonial public received the pair was fully justified. It is equally obvious that Australian criticism has not wholly emerged from the stage of *naïveté*. Of the "Waldstein" sonata our contemporary says that "it is a 'colossal' work, altogether beyond the range of the capacities of any but the most highly-finished executants"—a verdict not unlikely to pass unchallenged; and the Southern amateur may perhaps rub his puzzled head when he is told that Lady Hallé's purity of tone and intonation "must be seen and heard" to be fully understood. And though we are all familiar with the merits of Messrs. Broadwood's pianofortes, we did not know until the "Australasian" told us so that these instruments ever have "a full round tone of the organ diapason quality." But, after all, the chief point is that in Australia they knew how to appreciate Mr. Cowen, and they know how to appreciate Sir Charles and Lady Hallé.

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We commend the following appeal to the attention of our readers:—

"A committee of ladies and gentlemen has been formed in Dublin in order to raise the sum of £450 to purchase a life annuity of £50 for a lady over 70 years of age who has maintained herself for many years as a teacher of singing in that city. She is a true artist, loving her profession, and working at it with singular courage and energy. She has not been able to lay by any provision for old age, and she can hardly be expected to go on teaching much longer. More than £200 has been collected among her immediate friends and pupils, and it is to aid in completing the sum required that the committee now appeal to the readers of the "MUSICAL WORLD." Contributions thankfully received and acknowledged by Mrs. Hawtreys Benson, Hon. Sec., 57, Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin; or by Mr. George Cree, Hon. Treasurer, 40, Upper Mount-street, Dublin."

We have received from the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society the prospectus of their forthcoming season, which promises to be distinguished by the same features which in previous years have made the society so popular in the Midlands. The season will open on Nov. 18 with a concert performance of Gounod's "Faust," in which Miss Fanny Moody, Miss Edith Marriott, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Oswald and Mr. Charles Manners will take part—a sufficiently strong cast; and the other works promised are the "Messiah," the "Creation" and "Solomon." The concerts will all be conducted by Mr. J. Adcock.

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The preliminary prospectus of the Bristol Festival is just issued. The event will take place on Oct. 22, 23, 24, 25, and will, as usual, be under the conductorship of Sir Charles Hallé. The works set down for performance are the "Redemption," "Elijah," "Judith," "The Golden Legend," and the "Messiah;" and the vocalists are Madame Albani, Miss Macintyre, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ivor McKay, Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, and Mr. Montague Worlock.

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Mr. Lewis Mennich, of Brighton, has just secured the silver medal for excellence in violin playing at the London Academy of Music. Mr. Mennich is a promising pupil of Mr. Pollitzer, and inherits his musical ability from his grandfather, who was musician in the private band of His Majesty King George IV., and his father, a talented amateur bassoonist.

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The two latest numbers of the "Art Interchange" are largely occupied with needlework and other branches of the decorative arts. A large plate of a design for embroidery is given with each issue, and there are the usual number of helpful articles relating to domestic art. The coloured plates are a study of poppies and a landscape, "A clearing in the woods."

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We have received from Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel a copy of the edition of "Lohengrin," for which Mr. and Mrs. F. Corder have new prepared a new translation. It presents so many points of interest that we shall return to its consideration at a more convenient opportunity.

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We are authorised to contradict the rumour, to which we referred a week or two ago, that Madame Cosima Wagner was about to visit London.

## BECKMESSER AT COVENT GARDEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

DEAR SIR: I am as ready to find fault as most people; but feel obliged to utter a protest against Mr. Rogers's extravagant effusion in last week's "MUSICAL WORLD."

If he had consulted his score instead of his book of words, his letter would not have been written. In the first place he complains about, the directions happen to be:—"His gaze falls at length through the window on Pogner's house; he limps painfully towards it and peers towards the opposite window, &c." Why should it be wrong for him to kiss his hand towards the place? What could be more appropriate? As for the second place mentioned (which is really the first), Mr. Rogers had better procure a score, and he will find Beckmesser in the music up to the very last chord. Why should he not be visible to the eye as well as to the ear?

Yours truly,

"KENGAW."

## THE PARIS OPERA QUESTION.

A recent number of "Le Pays" has an article on the "Opera Question" in Paris, from which we extract the most interesting portions:—

"The storm which for several years has been sullenly muttering against the Directors of the Opera seems on the point of bursting, and MM. Ritt and Gailhard would act wisely in getting ready their umbrellas. Critics begin to fall upon them thick as hail, and the campaign, spiritedly led by the Press, has found a disquieting echo at the Palais-Bourbon and even in the august bosom of the Budget Commission.

"If the newspapers are to be believed the members of this Commission are at last bemoaning the deplorable situation which, through the action of the subventioned theatres, obliges French composers to have their works executed abroad.

"The complaints of our composers are very legitimate; it is really a scandal to see red-tape and Philistinism ruling at the Opera, and Brussels become the refuge of French musical art. It is high time to put an end to such a state of things, and I see no other way than to open wide the doors of the Opera to our composers, or—to conquer Belgium. The first solution seems to me the more practical.

"Is it then necessary, as our legislators appear to think, to increase the number of performances at this theatre? I do not believe so; it is not everything to play many works, but it is essential to play the best ones well.

"Besides, to do what they propose, the number of artists would have to be doubled; and at the price which is paid to those microbes of art called tenors, in particular, and all the lords and ladies of the C sharp, in general, it is easy to foresee that the Opera budget would annually show a majestic balance on the wrong side.

"Let us increase the repertory!" is another cry of these worthies. In my opinion it would have been better to have said, 'Let us revise the repertory!'

"Goethe's saying about the gilded youth of his time can be applied with peculiar fitness to the Opera: 'It turns in its narrow circle of pleasure like a kitten playing with its tail.'

"It is too much forgotten that art, like everything else, renews itself, and does not remain stationary. The ideal changes in each generation; formerly simplicity of rhythm and sentiment were required; to-day science and description are all-important; the romance, which once charmed, now provokes a disrespectful smile.

"You see it is always that boat theory so prettily formulated by M. Daudet. The boat of 1860 has for a long time been stranded at the Opera with its musical cargo; the others impatiently wait for the passage to be clear in order that they too may display their treasures.

"Is it necessary to name them, these obstructionist operas? No, all of you have pointed out these glorious fragments of Italian music, as much out of date at the present day as cocked hats or head-dresses *à la girafe*, and which might without loss be returned to M. Crispi. I do not think there would be a popular demonstration if 'Rigoletto' or the 'Favorita' were given no more.

"There are, again, certain excellent works which we have no right to make hackneyed, and their less frequent performance would ensure a fuller appreciation of their beauty. 'La Juive'—fine! 'Les Huguenots'—splendid! 'Robert'—incomparable! But my veneration for these masterpieces makes me fear that, as things are now, a too close familiarity may well breed contempt.

"One thing, indeed, should be recognised—that the Opera tends to become more and more a museum of antiquities, and that the Opéra-Comique is rapidly taking its place.

"And this notwithstanding that French music has never had more brilliant representatives; a nation which possesses a Reyer, a Massenet, a Lalo, and a Saint-Saëns should at least be able to ensure them a hearing. But in France, if a composer is to succeed he must be a foreigner (providing his name is not Wagner), or, if he be a Frenchman, make haste to die! There are sensible people who think that these prejudices are to be regretted, and that it is time to do away with them.

"The Opera clock stopped at 1860; the directors would do well to set it to time, or unskilful fingers, while helping them to do so, may break the hands and put it completely out of order."

## THE GUILDHALL LOAN COLLECTION.

There is wisdom in the plan which brought together at the Guildhall a collection including works of old masters side by side with those of the present day artists. Where there are many paintings belonging to different ages, we are likely to find many methods employed; and since the technique adopted by a painter will often cause a careless public to turn away from his work, it is well that by collections of pictures differing in their treatment and handling, as well as in their subjects, the world at large should learn how far technique should influence judgment. And also let it be known that old age is not necessarily a preventive of vulgarity, which subtle yet powerful quality may exist in the combination of paint and panel hailing from the sixteenth century just as it exists in many mixtures of canvas and paint dating from the later years of our own era. It is well then that these periods should both be represented: the public will more easily recognise the commonplace in the older work when they can see the same quality in modern pictures, and by a similar comparison they will find some marvellously fine work of our time which is wrought in that spirit which has always animated great masters whether old or otherwise.

We do not propose to consider the exhibition picture by picture, but would rather make notes of a few points of interest which lie hid among the many exhibits, and have not been included by the compiler of the catalogue in his very liberal descriptive notices. For instance, we find "The Sound of Many Waters" which Millais sent to the Royal Academy in 1887, and a little farther on we see the "Chill October" of 1870, which also reached the Academy, but in 1871. We had not been particularly pleased with the first named, and study of both assures us that the last named but earlier work is the better. We will suppose it a plagiarism to say that Sir John Millais has been spoiled by success, but it is no less true that had he been driven by a cold public to take refuge in his work, giving to it all the consideration which he has been accustomed to share with the public, the seventeen years which elapsed between the painting of the two works must have produced priceless results—unless, indeed, the coldness of the public had killed the art spirit and produced a government clerk. The Stanfield, which hangs above "The Sound of Many Waters," should be looked at. In this picture "The Abandoned" we find the outcome of an artistic nature, not of the highest class perhaps, but of a genuine kind. A sailor, who being disabled, learns to paint scenery, and finally paints and exhibits pictures, and whose work does not degenerate even after his election into the Academy, possesses a truly artistic instinct. In "The Abandoned" there is not only a general impression of motion, but the painting of the sky exhibits a strong naturalistic character. In the two Watts pictures at the end it will be well to recognise the ideas, clothed as they are in the strong and strange technique which makes their picturing. The "Fata Morgana," which bears the date 1865, and "Mischief" are the works in question. Each of the pictures is wrought with that thoroughness resulting in completeness, each is therefore rather a decorative panel with a meaning than a picture. Yet naturalism is not wanting, the flesh colour in parts showing as thorough a study and appreciation of natural appearance as could have been found even in Newlyn, aye, or Brook Green. The "Ariadne in Naxos" of ten years later shows with unmistakable clearness how modern naturalism and old time convention are in Mr. Watts's idea tools in the hands of the artist, and not sovereign powers to whom he shall bend the knee. There is a large Leighton at the end of the room, "Hercules wrestling with Death for the body of Alceste" being the subject. It is a curious picture on the whole, so much in it, and so little to be got out of it. None but a scholar and an artist of careful training could have produced it; but how many artists will care to study it? It is well that a critic should form an opinion on the work of the head of the nation's Academy, and that he should express it with caution but full meaning. We cannot but think that in his oil paintings Sir Frederick is hampered by his technique. It is a gentle method he employs, one which would be persuasive if it were stronger, but never striking; and it would seem as if in the endeavour to gain completeness the ideas were brought under the power of this technique. Let us take the picture in question, and when lifting our eyes from the head of Alceste, which Death has not robbed of its beauty, we wonder what is the business of the limp creatures in the left-hand corner. They are the "Women wailers," who "in a corner crouch, each to other agonising all." But instead of adding strength to the whole work they have been

subdued in order to strengthen by comparison the action of the struggling Hercules and Death. This corner of the picture, by its gentility shall we say, weakens the whole. Do we for elegance' sake, and lest the landing place should be too strong, weaken the lowest step of a flight of stairs. Surely as a house built on such principles would soon fall about our ears, these principles must, if persisted in, bring art down to the gutter with a crash. In another room there is a small Leighton, with a small subject, "The Arab Hall." Here a girl leaning carelessly against a pillar is a theme truly of no important nature, but of very graceful character and well expressed. It is otherwise when we stand before a sketch by Sir Frederick, or perchance before his statue of the Sluggard; then we see work worthy of the leader of any academy, the ideas of an artist expressed with the freedom and force which only an artist can employ. The third wall in this same room recalls a feature in the art of the century which is unequalled in importance. We mean the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. No movement of such importance has taken place since. The banding together of the Impressionists in recent years is the result of a similar desire expressed in a different manner, but the idea can hardly be said to have been generated entirely in the young painters themselves, as was the case with earlier revolutionists. It has been rather the outcome of the advancement of others. The Impressionists wish to develop and carry to its full extent a theory which has been gaining ground: the Pre-Raphaelites broke the ground for and sowed the seed of their own theories, which were distinctly in opposition to what had gone before them ever since the power of *technique* gained by the later Venetians had been a temptation too strong to be resisted by the painters of ensuing ages. The Pre-Raphaelite sought an idea to express, and then a *technique* which would suit it. Study well "Sybilla Palmifera" and "The Beloved," the Holman Hunt pictures, the "Chant d'Amour" of Burne Jones, the "Finding of Don Juan," "Work" by Ford Madox Brown; and look also at the two small Strudwicks upstairs, the "Acasia," and "The Love Story," and even if compelled to say that it is a phase of art in its infancy, nevertheless, good reader, you will admit in time, and after mature consideration, that this infant will grow up a giant. The "Chant d'Amour" is as fine a work as we can remember to have seen, and will be prized by the critics of future ages as an old master of incomparable worth. Of "Palmifera" we can say that the power of expression which was Rossetti's would have justified him in calling his conception "Sybilla," even though there were no blindfolded and rose-garlanded Cupid in the background, nor poppy-wreathed effigy of death. Butterflies, incense, and palmleaf all speak of idea—this latter, perhaps, of the poet-painter's estimate of the work; it may have been childish to have employed these symbols; well, then the picture would have done without them, and loses nothing by their presence. "The Beloved," which was dated 1865-6, five years earlier than the "Sybilla" was retouched in 1873, and shows how Rossetti felt gradually the power of naturalism, and how he took advantage of the naturalists' most subtle powers. Holman Hunt has, however, entirely moulded nature to coincide with a subjective fancy. "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," which as an exhibit in the Academy of 1851, was abused right royally by the *Times* critic as ill-drawn and with bad perspective, to be championed by Ruskin in a letter to that journal, is far more naturalistic than the "Isabella" of 1867, where we find the power of the *technique* lending to the flesh tints a certain hard quality not so formidable in the earlier work. The truth of detail is very fine, and the workmanship so full of loving care that it is hard to find much fault. But in "The Triumph of the Innocents" the painter revels in his peculiar expression of his particular conception of the scene. This work was finished in 1887, and will be found, we think, to corroborate our previous remark. When looking at the "Work," which the people of Manchester have been wise enough to buy and are fortunate to possess, it will be well to try a mental comparison with the "Railway Station" or "Derby Day" of Frith, or even to turn back to Leslie's scene from "Roderick Random" which hangs close by. If the lesson does not suffice it will be well to try again. There is in that upper room too, a small Mason, a picture of three children fishing. Though inclining to the other school—that of broad effect broadly rendered—it is a gem, its colour being not its least charm. It would have been pleasant to have revelled among the best of those old masters—the lovely little Perugino and the Francia, which speak of one ideal shared by two honest and art-loving hearts; a small but powerful Tintoret; a Jan Both with most of the best qualities a landscape can possess; two Terburgs, differing in their art from the Dow, which is cunning, the dignified Vandyke, and the elegancies of Reynolds, elegance being grace in holiday attire; a Romney; a Hogarth sketch, quite worth three pictures; and a

Dürer not mentioned in the catalogue. All these are there to revel in: we can say no more about them, space is lacking.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

The year's work of the Royal Opera House at Berlin ended on June 30th. Since January 1st of the present year 147 performances have been given, with 39 different operas by 19 composers. The only novelties have been Verdi's "Othello" (20 times) and Reinthaler's "Käthchen v. Heilbronn" (8 times). Operas by Wagner were given on 35 occasions, and during this season both "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" reached their 250th performance. Next to Wagner come Verdi, with 28 evenings; Mozart and Meyerbeer, with 14 each; Bizet, with 7; and so on down to Donizetti and Goldmark, with only 1 each. A striking criticism on the performance of "The Meistersinger" is conveyed by the fact that its first performance was also its last.

The Leipzig Theatre has also published its report. And here too Wagner heads the list. Out of 194 performances, in which 50 different operas were given, Wagner's works were played on 38 occasions, Weber on 16, Mozart on 12, and Beethoven, who, however, only wrote one opera, on 5. Of the four so-called novelties not one seems to have obtained any particular success.

M. Gounod has published a work entitled "Le 'Don Juan' de Mozart," in which he says "The score of 'Don Juan' has had on my whole life the influence of a revelation; it has been and it remains to me a sort of incarnation of dramatic and musical impeccability." After this, we are not surprised to read that "there are in history certain men who seem destined to mark, each in his sphere, the point above which it is not possible to rise—such are Phidias in the art of sculpture, Molière in that of comedy. Mozart is one of these men; 'Don Juan' is an everlasting peak." It is to be hoped that M. Gounod's analysis of the work heworships so profoundly is of more value than his preliminary remarks, which will surely read oddly to those persons, if any survive, who on the production of his "Faust" saw in it little but the influence of Wagner.

Flemish and Belgian music will have a grand opportunity at the *fêtes* which are to take place at Brussels from July 20 to August 4, in celebration of the 60th anniversary of the declaration of Belgian independence. Compositions will be written for the occasion by Messrs. Benoit, Gust. Huberti, Richard Hol, and Alfred Tilman. Performances by large numbers of children will form an important part of the ceremonies.

From Italy we hear of nothing but the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the honours paid to its composer, Pietro Mascagni. One might almost imagine that Italy was still in the days of Paisiello and Cimarosa, for not one of Rossini's early operas gained for its composer any such triumph as this lucky little one-act opera. "Tancredi" perhaps surpassed it in popularity, but "Tancredi" was a much more important work. Meanwhile the composer must be looking forward to the production of his new opera with great anxiety.

Sig. Tamagno is said to have declared that at the conclusion of his present engagement in South America, he intends to retire altogether from the stage. "Le Ménestrel" thinks it would be a good thing if he and the other artists who demand such salaries as swallow up nearly all the receipts would retire, as they would then leave room for managers to form good all-round companies. But, assuming this to come to pass, would they draw good all-round audiences? This is the critical point.

Italian papers announce the death of Alfonso Guercia, a well-reputed professor of singing at the Conservatory of Naples, author of a "Metodo del Canto," and composer of an opera, entitled "Rita," which was a very creditable failure at Naples in 1875.

American papers announce the death on June 30 of Dr. Samuel Park-

man Tuckerman, a distinguished composer of church music. Dr. Parkman, who was born in 1819, after being an organist and choir-director at Boston, came to England in 1849 to study the works of our church composers. He remained here four years, and took the Lambeth degree of Doctor of Music, returning afterwards to his old situation. Among his compositions, which bear testimony to his admiration for our own 18th century writers, are several services and anthems. He also edited three collections of hymn tunes, called "The Episcopal Harp," "The National Lyre," and "The Trinity Collection of Church Music." He has left several compositions in manuscript, including a Burial Service, anthems, carols, chants, and part-songs.

#### ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Mozart's opera, "Cosi fan tutte," may not be—is not to be—classed among his masterpieces. Two or three numbers show his genius at its best, but the feeble plot makes it easy to understand why, on the whole, the composer did not set about his work with any sustained enthusiasm. We mean no ill compliment to the Royal College of Music when we say that, in spite of this, the opera is not unsuited to such a performance as that given on Wednesday afternoon in the Savoy Theatre, under Professor Villiers Stanford, by the students of the institution at Kensington Gore. There are good singing parts, and, as far as acting goes, the demands made on the performers are not unduly heavy. It is pleasant to be able to say that, on the whole, the representation showed many points of improvement upon those of former years. The acting was far less amateurish, and the singing altogether better. Nor did one of the performers fail to show considerable dramatic intelligence, though Miss Maggie Davies as the waiting maid and Mr. Magrath as Don Alfonso are entitled to special praise in this regard. Miss Davies played and sang with great piquancy, showing herself indeed an already finished artist; while Mr. Magrath's conception of the dogmatic old philosopher was singularly clever. Miss Ella Walker and Miss Ethel Webster, as the two sisters, sang very agreeably, and Mr. E. G. Branscombe (Ferrando) and Mr. John Sandbrook (Gratiano) were scarcely less satisfactory. Dramatic excellences apart, all the students are to be commended for the clearness of their articulation and the intelligent elocutionary point given to all their words. The chorus was quite efficient, and the orchestra remarkable for the precision and delicacy of its accompaniments. In spite of all which pleasant sayings it must be confessed that the performance left a general impression that singing is not at present the strongest feature in the Royal College. It should in justice be added that Mr. Brooklyn was responsible for the stage-management; that the libretto used was that newly translated by the Rev. Marmaduke Brown; and that the loan of the theatre and scenery was made by Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and of the dresses by Mr. Augustus Harris.

#### WAGNER SOCIETY.

The annual *conversazione* of the Wagner Society was held in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours on Wednesday evening, when the faithful assembled, if not in their thousands at least in considerable numbers. The musical programme was under the direction of Mr. Carl Armbruster, and comprised aria from "Der Fliegende Holländer" (Mr. Frederick King); Wagner's "Fünf Gedichte," admirably rendered by Miss Pauline Cramer; and the entire first act of "Die Walküre," in which Miss Cramer, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Mr. King were associated. It would be idle here to discuss how far such performances as this latter are useful or desirable. We are all agreed that a pianoforte—or even, as on this occasion, two—is but a poor substitute for Wagner's orchestra; but if we must have them, by all means let us have Mr. Armbruster and Herr Schönberger to accompany. Miss Cramer sang the music of Sieglinde with splendid effect; but Mr. Bernard Lane was so obviously out of voice and is so unfitted by his previous training for the execution of music so exacting as that of Siegmund that equal praise cannot be given to him. Mr. King, as Hunding, was efficient.

DEATH.—BERGER.—At 234, West Regent-street, Glasgow, on the 6th inst., Mary Elizabeth, aged 45 years, daughter of the late Richard Jeffs, London, and beloved wife of Emilie Berger.—Friends please accept of this intimation.

## The Dramatic World.

### AMERICANS IN SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 16TH JULY, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

Really the theatre in our days is a most interesting place. Everybody grumbles, and looks back with longing eyes to the time when Edmund Kean, abominably "made up," played Othello by the light of oil-lamps, so that three-fourths the people present could only guess at the expressions of his noble face: but everybody is apt to forget that our sons will think just as wistfully of of this Golden Age, when Mr. Irving managed the Lyceum, and Mr. Pinero produced his own plays, and there was a general thrill and awakening throughout the British theatre, and famous actors came from over sea to delight us in their own plays, to instruct us in our Shakespeare!

I don't for a moment mean to say that Mr. Daly has as fine a Shakespearian company as Mr. Irving, or that either of the productions he has just given us has been at all comparable to the famous "Much Ado about Nothing" or "Hamlet" of the Lyceum. Still, there is much to be learned from these performances, much to admire in them, and a great actress at the head of this intelligent and well-practised company.

Will you believe that the first time I saw Miss Ada Rehan I disliked her violently, and even the second or third time could but call her "a good actress spoilt"? I must explain that I saw her in shockingly bad plays, in each of which she repeated certain tricks and mannerisms of which (I confess) I still think that one would have enough if she concentrated them in some one character—say the spoilt Yankee girl in "Casting the Boomerang."

But one could not go on seeing Miss Rehan, even in these American-German farces, without coming to understand—as some finer spirits understood at once—the immense humour, vitality, and originality of the woman: and the moment she stepped into greater work—into Shakespeare, or even the non-Shakespearian old comedy—the great actress stood revealed. Her Katharine is a true creation: a magnificent animal—often expressing her passion in inarticulate, animal snorts and cries—and yet not a mere animal, not only a scolding Shrew, but a human being in whom is the interest of a strong nature, spoilt somehow, yet not without the elements of greatness.

And in the much more complex and charming character of Rosalind—"Rose-a-lynde," these Americans call her, by the way—her womanliness, her girlishness, her humour, are full of power and fascination. I admit that in some ways the performance seems to me to have faults which were not in her Katharine: Miss Rehan's Rosalind is not so absolutely unaffected—as, of course, there is not such a need of entire simplicity, without which the Shrew would be terrible indeed. But in this young Princess there were some of the tricks and consciousness of the "Boomerang" person—the style was not always the grand style, such as we had in the "Taming of the Shrew," such as we have in Ellen Terry. And, while I am at it, let me say that last night—the nervous, restless first-night, I admit—there were other faults. Firstly, Miss Rehan walked about immensely too much—in the earlier forest love-scene it fidgeted me almost past endurance; and, secondly, there was often in her comedy-lines a lack of that clear-cut decision and understanding which never fail her in modern work.

But it was a splendid Rosalind, and not least splendid in the difficult first Act, whose romantic love-at-first-sight is so often too

little emphasized, too little understood. And then, the humour of it was most rich and natural: and—of which one had not been so sure beforehand—the elocution, in those speeches where it was specially needed, was firm, splendid, masterly. The delivery of verse by Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew is such as, alas, one seldom hears upon our English stage.

And here have I done precisely what I did not mean to do. Mr. Daly's is not a star company, and I meant to have spoken of the whole more than of individuals—instead of which I have covered half my paper with Miss Rehan, and nothing but Miss Rehan! But I have two excuses. Miss Ada Rehan is in truth a great actress, and, in one at least of these two plays, Mr. Daly's is anything but a great company.

Barring the Katharine and the Petruchio, I confess that it would have given me great pleasure not to have seen the "Taming of the Shrew." It is, of course, far from being one of Shakespeare's best plays—though it is a capital farce, full of brisk hearty fun—and there are, it seems to me, only two proper forms in which to play it. Either it should be acted just as Shakespeare wrote it, with only the excision of a few lines here and there, for brevity or for decency: or it should be compressed into the best acting-play that a modern stage-manager can make of it.

In the latter case, there would be no need to retain the Induction; for the story of the play proper is so complicated when it comes that there is a certain cruelty in starting your audience on a false scent to begin with, by this commencement of another story which is allowed after a couple of scenes to drop. But, if the Induction be played at all, there is no justification for playing it very badly; and this is what Mr. Daly's company do. Moreover, if you retain the underplot concerning the sham father, it is surely a mistake to cut out just enough to make it entirely unintelligible.

So much for the "Taming of the Shrew," badly played apart from a few exceptions which I will mention hereafter. Let me only mention the setting of the last scene—a lovely picture imitated from the famous Marriage Feast of Paolo Veronese, which gave to the ending of the play just that repose and poetry which one somehow feels that Shakespeare should have, but which this wild farce is apt to lack.

In "As You Like It"—on the whole an infinitely better performance—I do not know that this keynote of imaginative beauty was quite so successfully struck: which seems odd. But then we in London have been a little spoilt in regard to this particular play. The productions at the Imperial Theatre—now some years ago—and in the open air at Coombe, were both under the direction of men of real imagination, of high culture and understanding: Tom Taylor and E. W. Godwin. In the American productions one feels every now and then a conventionality which comes from a certain lack of boldness, as of people who are not sure that they grasp their author's meaning. One understands Shakespeare naturally and at once, as if he were a writer of to-day—or not at all.

Still, taken all round, the performance of "As You Like It" is a good one—the performance of trained and (above all things) unaffected actors. Specially poetical it is not; but the play is so brimful of poetry that, given actors of intelligence and skill, it cannot but make itself felt.

An admirable example of sheer intelligence is Mr. John Drew's playing in this piece. He is not, and he does not look, romantic; but every line that he speaks satisfies one—so clear-cut is it, so well-balanced, solid, natural. His Petruchio was much more than this; to my mind it fairly took rank beside his comrade's Katharine. The character is exceedingly difficult, but Mr. Drew made it possible: he was a real man, virile, humorous, masterful but not noisy, a swaggerer but a gentleman. There is a fine completeness

about Mr. Drew's work; he has the strong humour and logic of his countrymen, with the thorough training in his art to which only the best of them attain.

In less prominent parts, Mr. Eugene Osmond is an actor in like fashion capable and accomplished, and perhaps something more romantic. Mr. Charles Fisher seems a sympathetic and thoughtful comedian, but is now hardly loud enough; Mr. Leclercq, on the other hand, was certainly too noisy. Miss Adelaide Prince was a charming and graceful Celia, and the important little parts of Silvio and Phoebe were intelligently played by Mr. Frederick Bond—who "doubled" the Usurping Duke (to speak technically)—and Miss Edith Crane. Mrs. Gilbert, who appeared in the tiny part of Curtis in "the Shrew," was not even seen in "As You Like It." The Audrey maintained the bad old traditions of her part.

*Manent*, of the chief parts, Touchstone and Jacques. The clown was played by Mr. James Lewis, who is in modern American comedy so full of intelligence and dry humour—and, I am sorry to say, in these old plays becomes, to my thinking, entirely conventional, losing both the fun and the meaning of Shakespeare's delightful comedy. Mr. George Clarke's Jacques, however, was a complete surprise. He had played the Lord, in the story of Christopher Sly, with an American accent so overpowering—Mr. Clarke is an Englishman, but the enthusiasm of converts is proverbial—that I had looked forward with a kind of amused horror to his "All the world's a stage."

Strange to say, the greater part of his accent had disappeared—though it was still more noticeable than that of most of his comrades, who show what amazingly good English they could speak if they liked. (With just an exception or two—as the Biondello, who was grotesquely American instead of being funny).

But Mr. Clarke gave his great speech with good accent and good discretion, if without any marked originality; and a curiously fine effect—"quite a Saxe-Meiningen effect," one thought—was produced by a little movement of interest at one point, and a little laugh at another, among his forest-hearers.

There were some excellent touches like this in the stage management, and the wrestling scene was delightfully real and effective; and again there were odd bits of conventionality or of perversity. Among the latter was the playing the last Act's first scene almost in the dark—with much loss of spirit and an entire destroying of poor William's fun.

But, in the main, altogether, and with very little reservation indeed, "Daly in Shakespeare" is most emphatically and delightfully a thing to be seen. Wherefore see it, Mr. Fieldmouse! See it soon, and not without

Your faithful, MUS IN URBE.

#### LYRIC THEATRE.

Of the two new plays produced at the Lyric on Saturday night the former is so much the more unimportant that we really need say nothing about it beyond the bare record of its name, its authors and its production. Messrs. Arnold Golsworthy and E. B. Norman were responsible for the little piece—which was called "An Old Maid's Wooing" and was entirely conventional as to its plot, though it was fairly written, and acted better than it deserved by Mr. Hendrie, Mr. Bayntun, and Miss B. Ferrar.

The other play was a version by Mr. Robert Buchanan of Miss Rhoda Broughton's well-known story "Nancy," in three over-long acts—whereof, indeed, the last might well be divided into two. The opening of "Sweet Nancy" was full of brightness and of charm; it is strange that until now the picture of a family of boys and girls like those described in "Nancy" and a hundred other novels should never have found its way on to the stage—which seems to be always a generation behind the circulating library, in England at least. Here, however, it was done, and remarkably

well done. The bright dialogue of Nancy, Bobby, "The Brat," and "Tow Tow" was given most excellently by performers who did not look like close-shaved men and shapely women dressed up as boys and girls. Then Miss Annie Hughes was at her best, and Mr. Neville already made the value of his sincere and fervent style felt, though he was to do stronger work later on; and the unconventional garden-scene was the background of some charming lovemaking which, if not actually unconventional, at least reminded one of the conventionalities of the modern novel and not of the modern stage—which was a change, and perhaps for the better.

Only, the old theatrical hand could but feel that here was an act gone, out of a three-act play, and the story hardly started: the dramatist had but two acts left to develop his plot in, and—under ordinary circumstances—two acts are not much. Unfortunately the circumstances were very ordinary; and the old, old story of misunderstanding and jealousy dragged terribly when we were well past eleven o'clock and the drama proper had but just began.

It was a great pity; but we are so grateful to Mr. Buchanan for his bright and new first act that we cannot but hope that it may yet save the whole play. If what comes after were invigorated somehow—reconstructed, strengthened, and greatly shortened—surely our interest in Sweet Nancy and her hero-husband ought to carry us through. They are not only so well-devised: they are so admirably acted. As for Mr. Neville, it may be doubted whether even he has ever done anything better than his entrance in the last act, when, coming back from a long campaign to his child-wife, the whole man seemed shaken with emotion, the tones of his quiet voice were wild with love and charged with tears. Never was there such a hero of romance as Mr. Neville.

And Miss Annie Hughes is a charming and a lifelike Nancy, especially in her lighter and her more wayward moods. The setting upon the stage of a character drawn by such novelists as Miss Broughton or Ouida is a difficult task—an unheroic heroine who is on paper but a fascinating fancy, may prove now and then aggravatingly unreal upon the boards. There is no great substance of reality about the General Tempest of the book, but as Mr. Buchanan has treated the character there is nothing which stands in the actor's way. So of Barbara, though unluckily the dramatist has practically left her out, and has given Miss Jay no chance: but the heroine and the villain have become extremely hard to play. The adventuress is less difficult, and is firmly handled by Miss Frances Ivor; but the truest bit of nature in the play is the character of the heroine's boy-brother, which has had the luck to be acted with rare intelligence and vigour by Mr. H. V. Esmond—a young actor whom we have praised before, and shall surely have occasion to praise again.

### "LOVE IN A MIST."

CHELTEMHAM, JULY 11.

Inclement weather necessitated the use of a spacious marquee for the first performance of Mr. Louis N. Parker's new Pastoral Play, "Love in a Mist," produced with success last week at the Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham. On the second evening, however, the rain kept at a distance (merely appearing as an interested spectator), so that it was then possible to gauge the merits of the piece under proper conditions. It may be said that the play—both words and music of which are from the same pen—is very pretty; and its attractiveness was enhanced by beautiful costumes and effective lime-light changes. Briefly, the plot deals with the sportive interference of fairies in the love matters of certain mortals, and the confusion of the latter by the magic influence of the plant, "Love in a Mist." Oberon and Titania themselves appear, but the most prominent of the immortals is Oakapple, a gnome, whose representation by Master Maurice was very praiseworthy for so young a child. His lines were spoken with commendable spirit and clearness, but his senile garb ill-matched the youthful voice. The Lady Eglamour, whose adoration by one knight and preference for another sustain the action of the play; Lynette, a lady of the Court, beloved by Sir Gengaline; Sir Boris, the would-be suicide and subsequently happy king; and Sir Gengaline, the dandy courtier, whose great delight it ever is to gaze in a handglass which he never fails to carry—are the principal "mortals." Their parts were played respectively by Mrs. Campbell, Miss Raye, Mr. Frank Rodney, and Mr. Ben Greet in such a manner as to gain the applause of a by no means demonstrative audience. Of the music it is not necessary to speak at any length, since a violin, a

harp, and a pianoforte were the only instruments used. Suffice it to say that it is simple and tuneful, and seems well adapted to its purpose. The dances are prettily devised and daintily executed, a stately and graceful minuet which succeeds the royal bridal proving so acceptable that its repetition was requested on each occasion.

### THE ACTOR-MANAGER.

We cannot resist the temptation of quoting some of the strongest points of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's article on this subject in the current number of the "Fortnightly Review":—

#### FRENCH PLAYS AND ENGLISH.

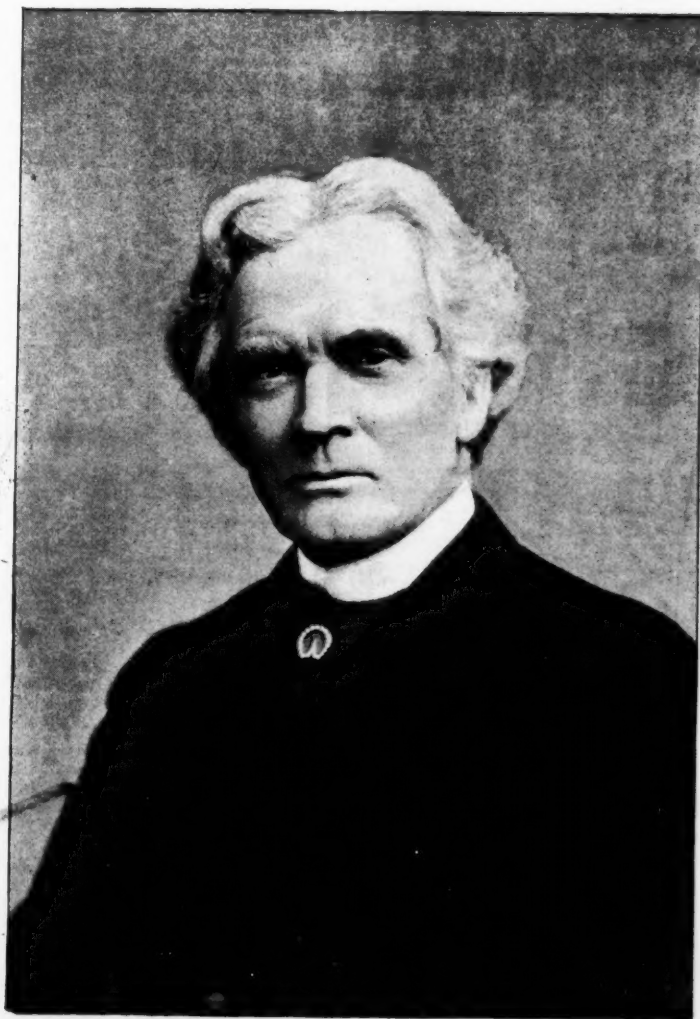
"When the history of the Lyceum comes to be reviewed in the memory of those who are now young, the leading impression will be one of lurid sunsets, gorgeous processions, torch-lights, banners, armour, music, incense, and moving across this background the two figures of the great magician and his radiant enchantress.

"What will be the leading impression remaining of the French stage when it comes to be similarly reviewed in memory? Probably some intense scene from a drama of modern life by a modern author, played in front of the most meagre and conventional drawing-room scenery. The one impression will be mainly intellectual, the other mainly decorative. I am not asserting the intellectual superiority of modern French plays to Shakespeare. There can, of course, be no comparison. But Shakespeare is in our possession. We have got him already, and have assimilated him to a great extent. The new play comes as a gain, an addition, and it is in competition with our modern plays, and not with Shakespearian revivals, that the modern French play asserts its intellectual superiority. We recognise this comparative intellectual quality in the modern French drama, and we cannot help doing homage to it. Full accounts of new French plays appear in all our leading dailies, and are considered of sufficient importance to be placarded on the contents-bill—an honour never accorded to an English play. French companies come over here and play in scenery that we should scarcely tolerate in second-rate provincial towns, with the most scanty and inappropriate amount of stage dressing throughout. But the intellectual quality of the play triumphs over everything, even the frock-coat of the *jeune premier*. We go and see it, discuss its literature, its views of life, and adapt it."

#### ACTOR AND AUTHOR.

"It will be argued that an intellectual and literary English play is exactly what all our best actor-managers are thirsting and clamouring for. Are not the aims and ambitions of the actor-manager and the author precisely one and the same, so far as the production of good original work is concerned? Does not the one long to write it, and the other to produce it and play it? Unquestionably, up to a certain point, author and actor travel the same road in pursuit of the same end. Then they part company. A new and original English play, and the very best of its kind, is certainly what each of our actor-managers would desire to produce. Of course it must contain a leading part for himself; and here the aims and ambition of actor-manager and author may be as wide apart as the poles. It is one of the vices of the actor-manager system, not that the actor-manager will not play secondary parts, but that he cannot afford to do so, that the public will not allow him. To the very great difficulties which I have already recounted as besetting the playwright who attempts to do literary and original stage work, there is this added one, that he must suit the leading parts to the personalities of the actor-manager and probably of several other members of the company. But this further condition adds enormously to his task, adds to it in cubic proportion. Everyone will allow that the highest imaginative work can only be done by leaving the author perfectly unfettered in his choice of a scheme and his treatment of it. But the knowledge that it is for such and such an actor and must be adapted to his personality, to his theatre, to his ideas, is often a severe, indeed a prohibitive limitation. It is an amiable delusion with most actors that they can play all parts. But the number of actors who can really fit themselves to a large range of parts in such a way that their significance will not be lost is in truth not far removed from zero.

"Imagine what the task of one of the great novelists would have been—Dickens, or Thackeray, or George Eliot—if the conditions of publication had been such that in projecting a new work his publisher had said to him, 'Mr. Author, I have as you see a jovial rubicund English face, but



MR. HERMANN VEZIN.

From a photograph by ELLIOTT and FRY.



to show my versatility, I wish to play a melancholy sardonic character. My leading lady is tall and a remarkably handsome woman. She is slightly middle-aged, but that is of no consequence. My head clerk is bald and stout, and my second young man is an albino. You will see from my position that I cannot possibly publish your next book unless your leading characters follow to some extent the personal characteristics that I have mentioned to you, and I needn't remind you that I am one of the only two or three publishers who can make your book a success, and save you from a possibly disgraceful failure.' What would have been the result of such limitations on the creative and imaginative work of Dickens, Thackeray, or George Eliot? Would it, could it have been done at all? Would not the author have sunk to be the mere creature of the publisher?"

#### THE HELPLESS MANAGER.

"The manager can only snatch at whatever jetsam and flotsam happens to pass by him. In regard to origination he is helpless. The manager, as such, is the one person who cannot have a definite policy. Let us glance at the history of managements, and let us see whether facts will support this statement. Of all recent playwrights Robertson was the man who came nearest to founding a school, who did in fact found a school, though its influence is very restricted and is not operative in English literature and thought to-day. Robertson had the good fortune to meet with a management who precisely understood how to interpret him, and to bring out every atom and shade of his meaning. Further, it was the acknowledged policy of that management to eschew the star system, and therefore the author's personality had full play and made itself felt in a way that no other author's personality has been felt, except Mr. Gilbert's. But when Robertson died and no successor was available, the Bancroft management, always distinguished by the highest care and taste, was one of miscellaneous revivals and French adaptations. It was originaive-creative, definite and determinate in its policy only while its one play, *wright lived*. That is to say, it was the author who in precise and exact relation to his views of life, his observation of character, and his literary power, formed the Robertsonian drama.

"I do not like to touch upon present management for fear of giving pain or offence by speaking of personal matters. But the irony of the manager's position is clearly shown in the case of one of our managers who is known to have the greatest desire to produce original work, who is most zealous to secure it, most lavish, most careful, most tasteful, and most artistic in his management, and whose record is yet, apart from the occasional production of one very distinguished literary dramatist, an almost unvarying list of French adaptations. And if the inner history of any recent or present management is traced, it will be found to have been operative in a literary and intellectual direction precisely as it has obtained the services of some one or perhaps two English playwrights, and in proportion to their originality and literary creative powers. It will be found to have had a definite policy, only so far as its playwright had one and was free to pursue it. It will be found to have been progressive and successful while it retained him, and to have been uncertain, spasmodic, tentative, vagrant, shifting, and drifting when it lost him. I am not speaking now of pecuniary success. I am speaking of success in carrying out a definite policy in the establishment of a literary English drama. And I affirm that the real vice of the actor-manager system is that it fixes responsibility and authority with the public upon the person who from the nature of things cannot be responsible and authoritative except in a very minor degree. And to a great extent it denies responsibility and authority to the only man who can form a definite scheme, a definite, consistent policy, and it hinders him to some extent from carrying out that definite policy.

"But it will be said that these are arguments against management in general, and not against actor-management in particular. Not so. The fact that the actor-manager has to exploit himself, that he must necessarily think first of how the production of any play will affect his position as an actor, cannot fail to bias his judgment very materially, while it also, in no less a degree, limits his range of choice and shuts out the value of a play as a whole from being his chief consideration. Again, it is the conjunction of the actor and the manager that chiefly takes away authority and responsibility from the author. In France the author is a distinct personage to the play-going public. In England he is a shadow. The actor-manager by virtue of his direct personal appeal to the public, by large capital letters on every bill and placard, by having his name repeated on the programme, first as manager, then as leading actor, then as having the play produced under his direction, and occasionally as part author, attains a renown equal to that of the proprietor

of Horniman's tea or Beecham's pills, and the author scarcely counts. The whole force and volume of public attention is directed away from the literary aspect of the piece to the person and the achievements of the actor, and the general playgoing public, who cannot be expected to spend the whole of their leisure in the examination and analysis of the precise points of attraction in the entertainment that is offered to them, naturally see what they are directed to see, fix their criticism upon what is presented to them as the vital part of the entertainment, and judge a play not so much as the literary work of the author, but according to its failure or success in giving their favourite actor a means of distinguishing himself.

"A business manager of a theatre having once indiscreetly printed my name as author in slightly larger type than usual, was called to account for this unusual recognition of the author. 'That isn't the usual type for our author's name,' was the remonstrance. 'Put the name in the same letters as the last author.' (The last author had been Sheridan). 'That will be quite large enough for me,' I said. It is sometimes curious to note the relative value attached to the actors and the author's share of the play, as exemplified in the relative sizes in which their names are announced. And I lately noticed that the name of Mrs. Musgrave, the authoress of 'Our Flat,' was not so much as mentioned in the newspaper advertisements of the piece that was making the fortunes of the management. 'I never thought anything about there being an author to a play until I met you,' a lady said to me some time ago.

"But it is not only to the author that the system of starrng is unjust and disadvantageous. It is also unjust and unfair to the remainder of the company. Let it be clearly understood and constantly insisted upon that the prominence of an actor's name in larger type, and at the expense of his fellow-actors, is a frank acknowledgment on his part that he dare not trust his abilities to speak for themselves to the public, and we shall then see who are the actors who had sufficient confidence in their powers and in their work to let them stand upon their own merits.

#### THE MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

Contemporary as it is with the stage itself the association of music with the drama is ancient and honorable, and there is reason to regret the attitude of those actors and managers who have pronounced themselves as indifferent or hostile to a continuance of this relation. A musical accompaniment to a theatrical performance gives delicacy, feeling and finish to the acting, softens the voices of the actors, intensifies the emotional effect of their deeds and speeches, and impresses them more deeply on the memory.

For one, I have never attended a stage performance that was not the better for music. It has been my fortune—sometimes it was a misfortune—to see a number of familiar plays in provincial theatres where trustworthy orchestras were not to be had, and invariably I have been struck with the lack of grace and pathos in scenes that were affecting in the city houses. The acting was the same. In the musical accompaniment was the glamor of the city representation. Fancy Rip Van Winkle toiling up the Catskills behind that uncanny goblin with no sound but speech to make the act a poem and a mystery! We know what a painfully ill-painted thing that scene is usually, how it takes our minds from the play by its clumsy mechanism, dull color and falsity to nature; yet so gratefully comes the music at that point that we yield to the spell of the hour and live in another place and time, despite the crudities that would force us back to the present.

Certain eminent actors insist that they can touch and interest their audiences as well without such aid. They mistake their public. In seeing French actors play, for example, one feels the lack of that subtle touch of music that seems to paraphrase the utterance of the speaker, to free his effort into a wider meaning. When Armand calls for a lamp and comments on the silence in his house it means little to us, but when from the orchestra comes that minor *susurrus* of united strings the call for light is a portent, the reference to darkness and stillness is a note of doom, and in a *crescendo* of emotion we are carried to the climax of the scene—the discovery of Camille's flight.

In the drama much has to be made of little things where they emphasize great events, that those events may be "worked up" to their proper magnitude, and that their consequence may be duly apparent to the spectator, and the best preparation for these disclosures is music. It magnifies verbal

meanings; it puts the listener's mind into a receptive mood; its very occurrence indicates that something is at hand. . . .

A play is a union of arts. It is not a transcript of nature. Seldom do things happen to us as they do on the stage. The drama is the condensation, the cream of human experience. We ask only that the separate incidents shall not be false to fact. That much granted, the more art that is used in the stage combination the better; the more colour and harmony in scenery and costume, the more richness in jewellery, the more cadence in speech, the more grace in action, the more power and wit in words, and the more music.

Of course we do not and can never know exactly what the Greek chorus sang as strophe and antistrophe were balanced through the dialogue of their tragedies, but that the music was in sentiment with the words there can be no doubt when we consider the simple and almost perfect taste of the Hellenic people. Music in those days was a force. Its association with what was didactic compelled it to be heard, it was as much a part of education as writing and ciphering; history was sung to it in ode and epic; it aided to celebrate the virtues; it heightened the solemnity of worship; it eased the poignancy of sorrow; it gladdened the banquet and inspired the dance, and the traditions of its moving power on men and multitudes indicate that its form was less rude than we are wont to fancy. Through the course of centuries it has never been dissociated from public functions, and in the play the "malarial music" that rises when the villain goes forth to do his daily work is a direct succession from the songs and helpless wringing of hands whereby the ancient chorus advised the public that the villain was up to mischief.

Out of this old alliance of music and play has grown the opera, a new thing in its present form, but venerable in tradition. Play and opera widened away from a common origin. The present tendency is to partially reunite them; for, whereas Mozart and the Italians wrote pure music which they applied to dialogue with no care for its propriety, Wagner, whose influence is beginning to work a reform of world-wide and age-lasting extent, considered his libretto first and made his music fit the sentiment and action. Italian operas are tuneful and absurd; Wagner opera is dramatic and majestic; the libretti of both are open to criticism. Though the opera is becoming more like a play, and though the play would be bettered by a few importations from the opera, they will never coalesce. The primary attribute of the play is dramatic, and it can do without music. The primary purpose of the opera is musical, and it can do without words, so much better, indeed, that its interpretation by that most perfect of instruments, the grand orchestra, is frequently preferable to vocalism. . . .

The matter of *entr'acte* music has been frequently discussed with little tangible result. It has furnished comic papers with a joke that promises to be perennial unless an improvement is effected—the charge that men rush out of their seats when the curtain falls, to escape the orchestra. Our American orchestras are small, cheap, and noisy. They number eight, ten or a dozen people, yet they have an equipment of brass and drums large enough for a band of twenty men; for against the drummer, cornetist and trombone player three or four violins strive vainly to be heard. The ideal orchestra for a city playhouse that has room for only a few musicians would be composed of strings, with the addition, perhaps, of a flute and a horn—an instrument of rich and mellow tone, that is neglected in our theatres. With such an orchestra there would be little or none of the sawing or screeching that now intensify the possible pains of playgoing, and the impression given by a performance would be more refined and pleasurable.

In the matter of selections, reform comes slowly, and in some houses not at all. Little is done to maintain unity or to bridge the interval from act to act with music in the same vein of feeling as the play. Potpourris from comic operas, marches, dances, medleys and the like are well enough to divide acts of comedy, but for melodrama we want something with more sentiment, and in tragedy, such things as "The Double Goer," "The Erl King," the third movement from the Fifth Symphony, the allegretto from the Seventh, Chopin's funeral march and the death ride from Raff's "Lenore" come into play. There is a jar to the nerves when, after the murder scene in Macbeth the "Slambang Quickstep" is struck up, and is there anyone who does not feel a pang of disgust when, as Juliet drinks her potion and the curtain falls, the orchestra begins "The Barnyard Polka?" Sentiment, they say, is disappearing in this direct and practical age, but enough is left to inspire a protest against exhibitions of such taste. Ballads that the minstrels used to sing and that were common in concerts in the last generation were sometimes namby-pamby from excess of sentiment, but they never were so offensive as songs that have no touch of it. . . .

There is among the audiences in "combination houses" to-day an

endurance of songs that are frankly vulgar and that appeal to the lowest intelligence that the singer is likely to reach. Popular music, at least the words of it, used to have reference to the domestic virtues, to loves and likings, and to pleasant things in nature. The words were often better than the music. Now the music, poor as it is, occasionally is better than the words. We have not reached that period of development where popular music is joyous and healthy, as it is in Germany. Even the sentimental things sung by "serio-comics"—there is not a spark of comedy in these melancholy creatures—are mawkish, gushy, or infantile, and the professed humorists give us "Ballyhooly" or "Since Casey Run the Flat." Opera itself is not free from triviality of text, and those who are able to understand English as she is sung have often regretted that opera should be attempted in the vernacular, the value of vocal performances being further lowered in not a few instances by the vanity and incompetence of the singer.—Charles M. Skinner, in the "New York Dramatic Mirror."

## NOTES AND NEWS.

Perhaps the most important event of the dramatic season which is just ending is an announcement made in a few words on Saturday, and received with curiously little comment. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in the speech which followed the last performance for this season of "A Village Priest," made a promise which ought to raise high the hopes of those who are struggling to improve our British drama. It is an actor-manager who is to strike the first blow at the long-run system—or rather the second, for we must not forget Mr. Benson's plucky attempt to vary the programme at the Globe Theatre last winter. But it needed a stronger manager than Mr. Benson to make such an experiment; and Mr. Tree's announcement is doubly welcome, for it shows, not only how high is his artistic ambition, but how firmly he feels his feet. Until now Mr. Irving has been the only manager who could venture to give us two or more different programmes in a week, and even he has only, as a rule, done this for a few weeks at the end of the season.

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But Mr. Beerbohm Tree now promises that the Monday of each week shall be set apart for the performance of some play other than that which is running at the time: a change welcome to the public, thrice welcome to the poor player, and likely to be of use even to the unregarded author for whom Mr. H. A. Jones is naturally solicitous. Of course the experiment is but an experiment, and, if the public do not appreciate its value and give it their support, it may fail, as many another gallant attempt has failed. But there seems no reason why the Haymarket Mondays should not become as much an institution as the Tuesdays of the Comédie Française; nor why people should not subscribe to them, giving the manager one night in the week on whose receipts he may reckon with certainty, and obtaining in return the right of grumbling if he does not give them novelty enough. *Courage, Monsieur Tree! Voilà de la bonne—direction.*

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So the actor-manager question has come to deeds, not words; and, moreover, the words of Mr. Jones as to the alternative of author-management have made facts of themselves. So the rumour goes, at least: which says that, Mr. Lart having retired and left Mr. Willard alone in his glory, Mr. Jones has joined that actor-manager and is to take some share in the control of a theatre for whose fortunes he has done so much. Unluckily for the experiment as a test of the matter in question, it can but be continued till the early autumn, when Mr. Willard goes to America and Miss Wallis returns to her own theatre.

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Reciters we have always with us, and so long as people like to be recited at, it matters perhaps but little whether Prior was right in saying—

"To make the rough recital aptly chime  
Is mighty hard."

Mr. George Belford, who gave a recital last Friday at Princes' Hall, has a good voice and graceful gesture, but rather marred their effect by a certain amount of rant and gasp in his serious efforts. The comic items seemed to give much pleasure, and though the programme included no special novelty Mr. Belford may certainly be congratulated on the success he attained.

The amateur actor is always with us, and is too apt, under the sacred name of charity, to perpetrate performances which cause the right-minded hearer to shudder, and, with pious crossings of the arms, to add the amateur actor's name to the list of those for whom Caina waits. There are exceptions, and amongst them are to be counted certain of those who took part on Monday evening in a dramatic entertainment which was given in the Queen's Gate Hall in aid of the Poor Children's Country Holiday Fund. Let us name those amateurs who did not make the listener ashamed of his race. They were Mr. and Mrs. W. Hallward, who took part in Herbert's pretty little play, "Our Bitterest Foe," and Mrs. Arthur Levy, who, with Mr. Charles Lauder—this gentleman is not an amateur, however—played Offenbach's bright and clever operetta, "Lisichen and Fritzchen." The first-named two are each extremely clever, but Mr. Hallward is a comedian, and was certainly not seen to the best advantage in an emotional part. The lady's share suffered somewhat, but was, for all that, played with great delicacy and sympathy. The operetta went admirably, the charm and piquancy with which Mrs. Levy sang and acted being well matched by the humour of Mr. Lauder, who not only possesses an excellent voice but is thoroughly at his ease on the stage. There is ample room for so clever a singer in London. It remains to be said that Charles Dance's two-act farce, "Naval Engagements," was also played; but upon it we shall not raise the curtain. The accompanist was Mr. Arthur Godfrey, who discharged his duties admirably.

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When an actress announces her "last appearance on the stage" she assumes that the public is aware that her first appearance on the stage has already been made: but in the case of Mrs. Fairfax, who thus formally retired at a Globe *matinée* last Monday, the general public certainly had not the advantage of this knowledge—though a playgoer here and there may have remembered a few performances in which this lady appeared some years ago. It is not wonderful, then, that the retiring actress showed many of the qualities of the novice, though her agreeable voice and handsome presence were advantages which practice might have made valuable. She was unfortunate enough to appear in a hopelessly bad play—"The Best People"—whose author wisely kept his name a secret. Mr. John Le Hay, Miss Adrienne Dairolles, and other competent players struggled bravely with impossible parts; and the only real interest of the afternoon was found in the *début* in London of a young actress extraordinarily named Miss Essex Dane. We say the *début*, for we have never seen nor heard of the lady before; but she has evidently studied her art with care and intelligence. She acts well, sings well, and—last, but hardly least—looks well.

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It is said that the Novelty Theatre is to be turned into a kind of permanent *Théâtre Libre*, under the direction of Mr. J. T. Grein.

\* \*

Acting and managing at once have proved—only temporarily, let us hope—too much for the youngest actor-manager, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, whose illness has closed the St. James's once again.

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A new play by Mr. Pierre Leclercq, said to have been suggested by a popular French drama, is in rehearsal at the Globe.

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The Daly Company has found it so greatly to its advantage to appear at a fashionable theatre like the Lyceum that it proposes next year to move still further west, to the Haymarket, for yet another summer season in London. This is excellent news—especially if "Casting the Boomerang" could (by some happy accident) be left on the other side of the Atlantic.

\* \*

Mr. Henry Hamilton has written a modern drama in collaboration with Mrs. Oscar Beringer, and will produce it at a Globe *matinée* on July 30.

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Poor "Callboy!" he had been one of the most popular members of the Green Room Club since the day, some ten years ago, when he strolled into the old club-room on Adelphi Terrace, and—in defiance of a distinct rule of the club—had himself there and then elected a lifemember. He and the

honorary secretary, Mr. George Delacher, were, in especial, sworn friends and constant companions. Alas! poor Callboy! "He vos a goot fellow," as Rip van Winkle was wont to say of Schneider. "He vos a dog."

### MR. HERMANN VEZIN.

Standing somewhat apart from the rush and struggle of the contemporary theatre, Mr. Hermann Vezin holds a position perhaps unique among the most cultured and thoughtful of our actors. Certain great parts of the classical drama belong to him almost exclusively: wherever "As You Like It" is performed, thither is Mr. Vezin summoned to play Jacques, and there is scarcely an Othello who has not asked to him be his Iago—which is, perhaps, for choice, the finest of all Mr. Vezin's Shakespearian performances. Yet, though his position has been won mainly as a supporter of the "legitimate" drama, an upholder of the best of those traditions which have come down to us through Phelps, Charles Kean, and Macready, from the great Edmund Kean and Garrick himself, Mr. Hermann Vezin has won many a triumph in modern plays. The Man o' Airlie is his alone, and no other actor is likely to venture upon rivalry with him as the kindly Scotch poet during his lifetime at all events. His Dan'l Druce, in Mr. Gilbert's play of that name, and his Dr. Primrose in "Olivia," are also among his most famous performances; nor has he ever more completely carried away an audience than with the tremendous burst of passion with which, only last year, he closed the second act of a new play by Messrs. Edward Rose and Douglass, called "Her Father."

To recapitulate all Mr. Vezin's successes would fill many a column. Let us add only that he is an American, was born some sixty years ago at Philadelphia, and graduated at the Pennsylvania University. He came to England as a young man, and obtained his first engagement—at the York Theatre—through the good offices of Charles Kean.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

In recording the warm reception which was given to Mr. Goring Thomas's opera "Esmeralda," when it was added to the Covent Garden repertory last Saturday, we shall not be expected to enter on any invidious comparisons, or even to inquire whether there are not other English operas quite as worthy of transference to the Italian stage. "Esmeralda" has, since its first performance in March, 1883, by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, commended itself to the favour of the English public—chiefly that of the provinces, and Mr. Harris has therefore done a wise and generous thing in lending to it such interest and importance as it might gain from a performance, in French dress, by such artists as Madame Melba and M. Jean de Reszke. In view of the possibilities thus offered Mr. Goring Thomas has made considerable revisions and additions to his score, in the last act especially. Poetic justice, as formerly understood, is ignored, Phœbus now dying of his wounds. Certain folk have discovered, in the prison scene with which the act opens, a marked similarity to "Faust;" but the resemblance—heightened perhaps by the angelic chorus—is more superficial than real. At any rate, the final situations are impressive, and impressively treated. Madame Melba and M. Jean de Reszke sang and acted magnificently, of course; the "Swallow Song" being exquisitely sung, and the enthusiasm with which the tenor sang, "O vision entrancing" ("Parfum de l'aurore"), was received being more than justified. M. Lassalle was very powerful as Frolo, and M. Montariol as Gringoire, and M. Winogradow as Clopin added no little to the success of the *ensemble*. Mdlle. Regina Pinkert sang excellently as Fleur-de-Lys, and M. Dufrique—barring the inevitable *vibrato*—was most acceptable as the Hunchback. The choruses might have been better rehearsed, but went well, on the whole; so that Mr. Goring Thomas as well as Mr. Randegger, the conductor, are entitled to sincere congratulations.

Strict truth in declamation is the first and foremost requisite of vocal music.—C. M. von Weber.

Any vocal music that alters or effaces the poet's meaning and intention is a failure.—C. M. von Weber.

## The Organ World.

### THE NORTHERN CATHEDRAL CHOIRS ASSOCIATION.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

On Thursday afternoon, the 10th inst., the annual festival of this Association, embracing York, Durham and Ripon, was held at York Minster. This is one of the many important musical events that are constantly taking place in the provinces without any recognition outside their immediate vicinity. However, the performance of a new work of a well-known English church musician by 841 of the best singers in the Northern Province can hardly be regarded as unimportant or "local" or be passed over unrecognised.

It has been customary to hold this festival in regular rotation at York, Durham and Ripon; and the main programme has been that a new work by a living church composer should always be performed. This order has been observed for years past, and on the last three occasions that the festival has been held at York a new work by Dr. Naylor, the organist of the Minster, has formed the principal part of the music done.

"Jeremiah" appeared in 1884, "The Brazen Serpent" in 1887, and in 1890 "Meribah, or the Waters of Strife and the Water of Life," has been produced.

The chorus on each of these occasions has been of much the same composition and size, a comparatively small nucleus being formed by the Three Cathedral Choirs, and the main body being supplied by some of the best of the church choirs of the West and East Ridings—Leeds, Wakefield, Dewsbury, Halifax, and Bradford being conspicuous amongst these. On the last occasion even Lancashire was represented by a Burnley choir. There was also a small contingent of female voices from York and Ripon mainly.

The service began at 3 p.m., and the quarter of an hour previous was occupied by the performance on the screen organ of Saint-Saëns' Rhapsodie in A minor and J. S. Bach's Alla Breve in D by Mr. E. W. Naylor, of St. Michael's, Chester-square. This was immediately followed by the singing in procession of one of the "York Proses," to Dr. Armes' music. The Cathedral Choirs only "processed," the main body of the chorus taking the tune up as the procession reached them. The spectacular effect of between 800 and 900 surpliced singers, including about fifty clergymen, was hardly less noticeable than the music itself. The ordinary evensong succeeded, and in accordance with the rule at these festivals, that an ancient or "classical" service shall be used with a modern "anthem," the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were sung to Gibbons in F. The effect of this splendid old work, sung by this gigantic church choir of 400 boys and 400 men, was truly impressive. The tone was magnificent, the tune perfect, and great credit is due to Dr. Naylor, who conducted, for the general precision which was kept, in spite of the difficulties which were afforded by the unavoidable arrangement of so large a number on a flat floor.

Mr. Naylor's oratorio "Meribah," which took the place of the anthem, is a striking work, full of thought and musicianship, and should certainly be heard in London. The choruses are perhaps the most attractive parts, and in several places attain a high level of dramatic power, especially in No. 3, "Would God we had died;" No. 11, "Thus saith the Lord," particularly the second section, "O that thou hadst hearkened;" and most of all in No. 17, where a really admirable climax is worked up to at the words "Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountain." The composer has ventured on somewhat risky ground when he set the words of the Almighty as an unaccompanied trio for basses in very plain harmony. The effect, however, proved that the setting was quite admissible, and sang, as it was, *without expression* and with dignity, had the desired result of isolating the words from the immediate context, and thus giving them the more force. The quintet, "When the poor and needy," was beautifully sung by the York Choir alone. The huge chorus did its work thoroughly well all through the service, and rendered full justice to the opportunities in Dr. Naylor's work. Dr. Armes of Durham played the accompaniments on the nave organ. During the collection Widors' "Pastorale" from the Organ Symphony in D was played on the screen organ by Mr. E. W. Naylor, and after the Recessional Hymn Dr. Naylor concluded the service by playing Best's Fantasia on "The Son of God goes forth to war."

The congregation numbered about four thousand.

## NOTES.

Mr. Edwin Bending concluded his series of Sunday and Monday afternoon organ recitals at the Albert Hall by an evening performance on Wednesday last. If it were only for the increased opportunities thus afforded of hearing this magnificent organ effectively used as a solo instrument Mr. Bending deserves the thanks of all lovers of the king of instruments; but these recitals have a wider significance—the average attendance at each recital has been nearly two thousand, and it is therefore impossible but that in some degree they have helped forward musical culture. The recitals however should form the basis for more extensive operations. Although central London is rapidly expanding, the Albert Hall is still on the outskirts of the magic circle of concert halls, and a visit to its capacious corridors entails calculations on an important point never forgotten by the English concert-goer, i.e., "how to get home." There are times, however, when this thought not only ceases to trouble, but when the building assumes the character of a kind of artistic refuge, and that is during Sunday afternoons. It is not surprising therefore that while the attendance last Wednesday evening was a small one, the largest should have been on Sunday afternoons; and it is in consequence to be regretted that these recitals are not continued during the remaining summer months, when Hyde Park and Kensington-gardens are largely frequented, and when consequently an audience, so to speak, is brought to the very doors of the hall. But the ways of committees are ever mysterious, and in the perceptions of councils is little acuteness—so we must be thankful for that which the authorities of the Albert Hall have vouchsafed, and patiently hope for the uprising of a spirit of greater enterprise and for larger sympathy with public requirements.

The programme of the recital on Wednesday was of a similar character to others of the series, that is, while containing several legitimate organ pieces, the majority were arrangements from works more or less familiar in our concert rooms. A clever "Meditation" by the recital giver met with much favour, and was encored, a like honour being gained by an Andante by Batiste, Mr. Bending playing as an encore his popular "Fröhlichkeit" with great taste.

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A Dedication Festival was held at St. George's, Edgbaston, Birmingham, on Saturday last on the occasion of the opening of a new organ built by Messrs. Brindley and Foster, according to the specifications supplied by Mr. C. J. B. Meacham, Mus. Bac., the organist of the church. The instrument, which has been erected at a cost of £1,500, and is a fine specimen of the modern church organ, has fifty-four stops, three manuals, the usual pedal board, and is fitted with tubular pneumatic action throughout and other recent improvements introduced by these well-known organ builders. After the Dedication Service, at which the Bishop of Worcester assisted, Mr. Meacham played the following selection:—Fugue (St. Ann's), Bach Andante in F (Smart), Adagio (Mozart), Sonata III. (Mendelssohn), Cantilène (Salomé), March (Naaman), Costa.

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M. Aug. Wiegand, the well-known Belgian organist, will give a recital on the fine organ in St. Barnabas Church, Pimlico, on Tuesday next, at 8.30 p.m., when M. Wiegand will play several of his organ arrangements.

## REVIEWS.

(From STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER and Co.)

Halfdan Kjerulf's Album of Songs. Translations by T. Marzials. Books 3 and 4. There are no less than twenty-two songs in each of these books, and though there is much variety in the numbers, all are extremely well written, very suitable to their poetic subjects, and so clear and definite in expression as to be easily capable of interpretation by ordinarily good singers. Kjerulf has a remarkable naturalness of musical manner; the phrases flow in a most pleasingly unlaboured way, and though his melodies do not soar into unfamiliar regions, they are so unaffected, unstrained, and simple that one cannot wish them other than they are. The accompaniments, though not difficult, are an integral part of each composition, are very supporting to the voice, yet never obtrusive or overdone. Some of the songs

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Rev. of Mus.

are particularly effective, such as "The Skipper's Daughter," "A-Sailing," and "In the Pine Wood" in Book 3; and "Dream-Violets," "In the Night," "Silence and Song-time," and "The Nightingale" in Book 4; but even the smallest have a merit and charm of their own.

#### HOLIDAY MUSIC.

Our young readers who are just starting for their holidays may be glad to know of some light, very pleasing, comparatively easy, but effective pianoforte music which they can study in their *vacances* without making them too much like work-time. Here is a first list of some pieces which may make the name of "holiday-task" no longer a word of horror:—

[From WEEKES AND CO.]

"Etude Tarantelle," by B. Albert; "Tarantelle in A Minor," by Emilie Norman; "From Austral Shores," Gavotte (from first orchestral suite), by George H. Clutsam; "Romance in A Flat," by H. Martyn Van Lennep.

[From E. DONAJOWSKI.]

"Eventide," Nocturne, by J. L. Phillips.

[From AGATE AND CO.]

"Dorina, Graceful Dance," by Michael Watson.

[From CH. WOOLHOUSE.]

"Les Contrastes," Gavotte, by T. Harrison Frewin; "Sans Souci," Gavotte, by C. Saint-George.

[From E. ASHDOWN.]

"Fête Napolitaine," Tarantelle, by Margaret Gyde; "First Gavotte in G," by G. W. F. Crowther; "Mazurka-Caprice," by Arthur C. Faull; "Deux Etudes," by Marie Moody.

[From FORSYTH BROS.]

"Bourrée in C," by Caroline Lowthian; "Danse de Ballet," same composer.

#### MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

During these last few weeks of the season the pace does indeed become killing, and one's whole time is taken up in trying to be in three or four places at once. But with all the good will in the world we are compelled to make a choice, though, like the donkey, we are sometimes sore put to it to select between two, or rather four, bundles of hay. Which being interpreted means that on Monday last, for instance, there were at least four, if not five delightful "Musics," public and private, that one would have liked to go to.

At Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's concert in his house in Seymour-place, which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and a number of fashionables attended, no less a person than Madame Patti sang, exciting wild enthusiasm as usual; and besides her prima-donnaship there were Mme. Scalchi, M. Edouard de Reszke, M. Lassalle (whose voice is beginning to need rest, and no wonder!), and Mr. Edward Lloyd, who is singing just now better even than usual. If our tenor, with his noble voice, had not always to sing banal English translations, and could but give us the original German or Italian words when he sings German and Italian music, what a far greater delight it would be to listen to him. A great delight it is now, in spite of a certain effort not to hear the trite commonplace version of the words which is always inevitable when he sings. The instrumentalists at Mr. de Rothschild's party were, it is almost needless to say, M. Johannes Wolff on the violin and Herr Hollman on the violoncello. It would be very hard to tell, if one were asked, which played the best on this brilliant occasion.

On the afternoon of the same day, an interesting "Music" took place at Mrs. J. E. Gordon's house in Queen's-gate-gardens, a beautiful house for music. Here a number of artists carried through a capital programme, which included songs by Madame Néré, Mdle. Marguerite Serruys, Mrs. Alexander Siemens, Mr. Hayden Coffin, and Mr. J. Robertson; while Mdle. Louisa Merck, the charming young Belgian pianist, and pupil of Wieniawski, discoursed sweetly on the pianoforte, playing Grieg and Schumann with great taste; and Mr. Watts-Russell and Miss Rosina Filippi gave amusing and pathetic recitations, such as "The Owl Critic" by Fields, "Father Molloy" by Sam Lover, "Barbara Allen," &c. The music at this concert was particularly varied and original, several songs from her own pen being sung by Mme. Néré. Two new songs by Frances Alltison, called "My Prisoner" and "Prince Ivan's Song," were sung by that very pleasing and popular singer, Mr. Hayden

Coffin, and much liked. Mdle. M. Serruys sang two charming and unhackneyed French songs, a "Ritournelle" by Chaminade, and a "Pastorale" by Bizet, which were quite delightful; and Mrs. Siemens gave Brahms' fine song "Wie bist du meine Königin" with very good effect. Some short and very clever recitations by Miss R. Filippi were also new to most of the audience, and brought a very bright and pleasant afternoon to a close.

On Saturday two of the most thoroughly artistic and enjoyable musical "At Homes" took place—one in the afternoon in the charmingly arranged studio of that most refined painter of the Norfolk Broads and many other beautiful landscapes, Miss Osborn, who had assembled a large number of well-known musical and artistic people to hear some really good music. Mdle. Vaillant, a lady violinist, who was unknown to most of us, played very well indeed various pieces by Ernst, Heller, Schumann, and Chopin; Miss Pringle sang, with her usual purity of intonation, two excerpts from "Lohengrin;" and Signorina Gambogi sang songs by Massenet and Schubert very prettily indeed.

But perhaps the most really musical and delightful "At Home" of the week was Mrs. Holman Hunt's, given on Saturday evening at her very pretty house, Draycott Lodge, Fulham. The arrangement and decoration of the rooms was unusually good, and the large audience were quite delightfully enthusiastic, and not afraid to show their thorough appreciation of the good music provided for them by a number of professionals and amateurs, all first-rate in their several ways. Madame Nordica, who was looking her handsomest in dark red velvet, sang very brilliantly a song of her own composition, called "Enduring Love," which was much applauded (the singing perhaps more than the song). Lady Paget, whose skill on the piano is well known in society, played a sonata of Haydn's with remarkable ability, and her daughter sang Somerville's "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," very pleasingly. Mr. Mundahl also played pieces by Chopin and Paderewski, which gave pleasure; but the real enjoyment of the evening was Miss Carrie Pringle's fine rendering of "Euch Lütten" and "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin." Altogether the evening was one of thoroughly sympathetic and artistic enjoyment, which will not soon be forgotten by those who care really for good music.

At Mrs. Cyril Flower's small and very select "Music" given last Thursday in the beautiful ball room of Surrey House, Mr. Willy Hess, the fine leader of Sir Charles Hallé's noble band at Manchester, was the violinist, and made a very real impression by his full, true tone and musicianly rendering of pieces by Wieniawski, &c. Mr. Hess is a real artist, and it is to be hoped we shall hear him oftener than heretofore in London. The American Lotus Glee Singers, with their curious and solemn manner of singing glees, were the only vocalists, and did not excite much enthusiasm.

Lady Balfour of Burleigh gave a musical party in Cadogan-square on Thursday last, when Miss Florence Christie sang very charmingly some old Scotch ballads, as well as songs by Gluck and Blumenthal—a curious contrast. The very fashionable audience included Lady Dudley and her daughter, Lady Edith Ward, Lord Blandford, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Lord Hamilton and his daughter, Lady Houldsworth, Lord Dalrymple, Lady Maxwell, and many others of Uppertendom, who were highly amused by Mr. Corney Grain's last skit on society.

Music and society were both well represented at last week's meeting of the Princes' Concert Society. The concert was under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen, who had arranged a programme which in many ways was an advance upon its predecessors. Schumann's piano quartett—excellently played by Messrs. Cowen, Simonetti, Hobday, and Leo Stern—opened the concert, and two movements from Beethoven's trio in G formed a worthy conclusion. The vocalists were Madame Adeline Rebrey, Miss Rosa Leo, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Hirwen Jones, and Mr. F. H. Morton. Concerning these latter it is needful only to say that they all sang in their best style—which is saying a good deal. To Madame Rebrey, as a new comer, more direct praise must be given. Her voice is of excellent quality, her singing admirably dramatic. She was heard in the aria from "Hérodiade," "Il est doux, il est bon," and in Flégier's "Les Stances," each of which was

given with the completest artistic intelligence. Miss Cowen, in her happiest vein, recited two poems by Bret Harte, and Signor Simonetti and Mr. Stern played violin and 'cello solos with familiar effect.

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It goes without saying that there was a large crowd of pleasant and clever people at Mrs. Jopling-Rowe's party on Monday evening. The weather was intensely hot, but in the charming studio in Cranley-place one is so sure of a delightful evening that such inconveniences are forgotten. Monday's party was no exception, and most of the guests felt that with it might come a happy end to an exceptionally good season. The crowd included Field-Marshal Sir Frederick Hawes, Lady Monckton and Miss Monckton, Mr. Johnston Forbes Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. James Whistler, and Mr. and Mrs. John Drew. The music was just what music should be at an evening party, and was contributed by Mrs. Moncrieff, Miss Lucille Saunders, Mrs. Edmeston (Madame Ziméri), and Mr. Isidore de Lara; and Miss Laura Johnson, Mr. Hermann Vezin's last discovered genius (for she is a genius, or something very like one), recited.

## CONCERTS, &c.

It would be difficult to imagine a more impressive performance than was given under the auspices of the Royal Society of Musicians in Westminster Abbey on Thursday evening of last week. The annual service, at which excerpts from Handel's works are given with every circumstance of reverence both in artists and listeners, has come to be regarded as one of the most interesting performances of the year. As far as unity of effect is concerned, it is infinitely preferable to the larger performances at the Crystal Palace, for here the solos are as audible as the choruses, nor is any disturbing element present in the form of applause. Last week's festival was in all these points as excellent as any of its predecessors. The programme included the familiar group of choruses from "Saul," and selections from "Belshazzar," "Theodora," "Samson," "Jephtha," and "Judas." The artists were Madame Nordica, Madame Patey, Mr. Harper Kearton, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Hilton, who, as if inspired by the solemn beauty of their surroundings, sang admirably. Madame Nordica's best performance was that of "Let the Bright Seraphim," the trumpet obbligato to which was finely played by Mr. Solomon; but the finest thing of the evening was, beyond question, the superb rendering by Mr. Lloyd of "Sound an Alarm." The choruses were given throughout with wonderful precision and effect, Dr. Bridge conducted, Mr. Frye Parker led the orchestra, and Mr. C. S. Jekyll was at the organ.

\* \*

The last Richter Concert was a most worthy conclusion to what has been one of the most admirable and, we are happy to hear, one of the most successful seasons since Richter Concerts were first introduced to the amateurs of the metropolis. Here was indeed a "finis" which "coronat opus," for the concluding piece was the "Choral Symphony," a sort of musical "Field of the Cloth of Gold," where lovers of both the music of the Past and of the Future may meet and shake hands in peace and harmony. But we should begin with the beginning—Wagner's Kaiser-Marsch, his finest piece of music not written for the stage, the rendering of which was in every way worthy of the work: only that, as a chorus was available, one could not help regretting that it was not heard. Following this came three vocal items, executed in a style worthy of such an occasion. It would be almost impossible to overpraise the way in which Mr. Lloyd sang the two noble pieces in which Lohengrin describes his lineage and the cause of his journey, and takes his leave of Elsa; it could not be surpassed by anyone. Nor was Mr. Max Heinrich behind him in his singing of "Pogner's Address" and the concluding scene from the "Meistersinger." Wagner is, indeed, fortunate in his London interpreters, for it may be doubted whether any town in Europe could furnish three better than Messrs. Lloyd, Heinrich, and Henschel, not forgetting some of the fair sex whom we must not now name. In the last-named scene the Richter Choir did full justice to the choral parts, and helped that realisa-

tion of the scene which is only fully possible on the stage. And then came the climax—the greatest work of the greatest of musicians—the Choral Symphony, the performance of which was one of the finest London has ever heard. What the orchestral movements are under Richter's *bâton* London has had many opportunities of knowing; and the choral part, if it was not quite done with the magnificently sustained power of the Yorkshire choristers, was by far the best that has ever been given by a Richter Choir, and may justly be called extremely satisfactory. To name Miss Fillunger, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Max Heinrich is to name a quartet of soloists such as is seldom heard in the Choral Symphony, and it is therefore not surprising that we have to record an unusual success. The enthusiasm at the close of the concert rose to a quite dangerous degree of fever heat, and could only be appeased by three recalls of the popular conductor, who was on each occasion cheered to the echo. That the concerts will be resumed next year is an announcement that will be accepted by everybody as natural and welcome as the flowers of May, with which they will synchronize. And now, lest it should be thought that we can only use the language of indiscriminate eulogy, we would suggest to the managers of these concerts that the stringed instruments would be improved by a little increase in their numbers. It may not be said that they are exactly inadequate, but in our own Philharmonic Society we have a body of strings which the strings of the Richter Orchestra are not in a condition to rival, and it is not to be denied that on some occasions it has been felt that the full effect of certain string passages has not been thoroughly realised. Finally, something more than a word of praise is due to the writers of the analytical programmes—Sir G. Grove and Mr. C. A. Barry—which have been copious and instructive. But we must once more enter a protest against the charge of a shilling for these books, excellent though they may be. Considering the amount of old matter in them half this price is certainly ample.

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Master Max Hambourg, a child of ten, gave a pianoforte recital in Princes' Hall on Saturday afternoon. The performance was certainly striking for a child, but, as is inevitable with these abhorred prodigies, had little claim to be judged by any high canons of art. Max has not the technical mastery of Hegner, nor the healthy and unaffected warmth of expression which made Hofman's playing so remarkable; but he has much more sentiment and delicacy than either. He shades and shades until the music becomes almost ludicrous. Yet it must be admitted that the sentiment is never sickly nor morbid, arising, it would seem, from over-refinement. Thus his reading of the "Funeral March" movement in Beethoven's Sonata became farcical, in the microscopic smallness to which it was reduced. It might have been labelled "Elegy on the death of Cock Robin, performed by his feathered relations." Exaggerations of the same kind spoilt also, though in a less degree, the last movement, but the opening variations were much better; they were not entitled, however, to be received with any other feeling than that of surprise at the fact that they were rendered with

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## "MUSICAL CELEBRITIES."

WRITE TO

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any degree of intelligence by a child. As a revelation of the composer's intention they were not only valueless, but harmful. Some short pieces by Schumann were very charmingly given, the excess of tenderness being here less inappropriate. The performance of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia was a trifle effeminate; but the demands made on its performers are so great, and the child's reading had so many excellent points in respect of clearness and intelligence of phrasing, that it must be pronounced the best effort of the afternoon. Nevertheless do we protest against the cruelty of his parents in allowing his undoubted talent—if it do not, indeed, amount to genius—to risk premature destruction. If he is placed under competent instructors, who will, to mention but a single point, teach him to subdue the Simian instincts which now prompt him to imitate the worst tricks of certain *virtuosi*, there can be no question but that a great future lies before him.

The Albert Hall presented a most brilliant appearance on Wednesday evening last, when an enormous audience assembled to bid farewell this season to Madame Adelina Patti. Is there any need to tell what the "golden voiced nightingale" sang? Talk of angels and you will hear the rustle of their wings; mention the name of "Patti" and forthwith the strains of "Let the bright Seraphim," "Bel raggio," and "The harp that once thro' Tara's halls" pass through the mind of the devoted worshipper. All these excerpts were sung, and in the same brilliant and finished manner as the fair cantatrice has sung them for the last—well, it is needless now to be so very accurate as to dates—so let it suffice to say that the usual encores were given, that they bore the familiar titles "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town" and "Home, sweet home," and that lavish floral tributes were laid at the feet of the fair singer by an enthusiastic audience. With equal individuality Madame Antoinette Stirling sang her songs, "The lost chord" and "Caller Herrin'," giving as an encore to the latter, no, not "The three ravens," but the more modern ditty "Love's old sweet song." Mr. Edward Lloyd gave "Where'er you walk" and Stephen Adams's "Star of Bethlehem" in his usual style, and Mr. Barrington Foote not only sang the songs announced for him in the programme with his usual manly vigour and expression, but contributed "Here's a health unto his Majesty," in place of Signor Foli, who was unable to appear owing to a severe cold. Artistic friends of Miss Nettie Carpenter would doubtless have preferred to have heard her in other pieces than Sarasate's Fantasia on "Carmen" and Zarzky's tricky Mazurka in G, but on these occasions the fiat goes forth "be sensational—artistic if you can, but be sensational." This spirit of "effect" seemed to influence Mdlle. Janotha's playing of Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso" and a noisy encore, the performances of which were lacking in that refinement usually associated with this gifted pianist. Mons. Hollman gave most artistic renderings of Max Bruch's effective setting of the old Hebrew melody "Kol Nidrei," an aria by Bach, and the ubiquitous "Papillon" by Popper, and "The Lotus Glee Club" sang a variety of glees with great delicacy and finish. Mention must also be made of Mr. Bending's effective use of the organ and Mr. Ganz's able conducting of the orchestra in Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture and the incidental accompaniments.

The latest concert of the pupils of the Royal College of Music, on the evening of the 10th inst., was characterised more particularly by its recitations, the first and most important of which was from Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," Part I., Scene 3: the parts of Hotspur, the King, Northumber-

land, and Worcester being respectively allotted to Messrs. J. Blacker, C. J. Magrath, G. England, and Vernon Cowper. We fancy that if Hotspur had been as fiery as Mr. Blacker represented him his existence would have been much sooner brought to a close, for this Hotspur behaved to the King with a violence which a real king would hardly tolerate even in these days. When Mr. Blacker tones down a good deal, and his companions get to be a little more at their ease, this scene will go better. The other recitation was the second scene of "As you like it," in which Celia espouses the cause of her banished cousin, and the two girls arrange their flight to the evergreen Forest of Arden. Here, by an odd inversion of characteristics, the Rosalind (Miss Isabella Webster) was a little too depressed, while the Celia (Miss Margaret Paulson) was somewhat too exuberantly lively, and her movements and incessant crossings from one side to the other became almost irritating. However, both recitations were warmly applauded, and we doubt not that the young performers will learn by this bit of experience. Of the musical items the most striking was the playing of Chopin's Prelude in D flat by a very youthful performer, Master William Spencer, whose intelligent reading and remarkable command of tonal gradation excited great astonishment. Miss L. Singleton played three of Schumann's "Fantasiestücke" very carefully and tenderly, and Mr. Alf. Wall showed much promise in part of Bach's Sonata in B minor for violin solo.

Herr von zur Mühlen received the valuable assistance of Miss Marguerite Hall, Miss Liza Lehmann, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann at the vocal recital which he gave in Princes' Hall on the afternoon of the 10th inst. Apart, therefore, from the performances of the Russian tenor, the concert would have been interesting, for these three artists all sang and played in their happiest style. Fortunately, however, Herr von zur Mühlen is a singer to whom it is easy to listen with pleasure. His voice has obvious defects, its quality being not always agreeable, and his use of the head-voice being much too persistent; but he sings with fervour and charm, and phrases with the greatest intelligence. Of the Liebeslied from "Die Walküre" he gave an impressive and powerful reading, and equally good account was given of Schumann's "Hidalgo." He was joined by Miss Hall in a noteworthy performance of Brahms' duet, "So lass uns wandern." The accompaniments were ably played, for the most part by Herr Hans Schmidt, the work being also shared by Miss Zimmermann and Miss M. V. White.

A general impression of length—to quote George Eliot—was left by Madame Madeline Schiller's recital, given in St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. The success with which the lady went through her exacting programme was, in truth, a very variable quantity. The "Waldstein" sonata, for instance, received a fitful and almost *bizarre* rendering which could certainly not have led the ignorant to a love of Beethoven; and three numbers from the "Kreisleriana" seemed terribly long and unpoetic. Nor in several pieces by Liszt, which included the "Prophète" and "Le Carnaval de Pesth," was the player more successful in realising the dramatic significance of the composer. Technical difficulties were conquered easily enough, for the lady has a fluent finger, and is very neat in intricate and difficult passages. In Gottschalk's "Tremolo," however, the piano (a fine Steinway) got so severely knocked about that the reading of Chopin's Berceuse, although it had more poetic feeling, lost a good deal. Yes; there was a general impression of length.

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